



OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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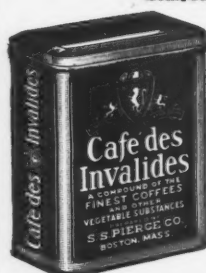
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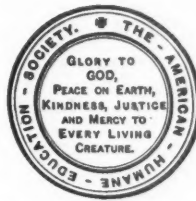
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I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 606 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 3

THE Bulgarian Society of Sofia, organized three years ago, reports 370 members, an inspector, the government favorably disposed, "Black Beauty" translated and 1,924 copies distributed.

THE observance of Animals' Welfare Week—the English Be Kind to Animals Week—was sadly interfered with because of the great strike. John Galsworthy, however, the new president of the Council of Animals' Welfare Week, speaking in its interests, was broadcast from all stations during the week.

FROM the 30th of May to the 7th of June occurs "The Week for Animals—propaganda, distribution of literature, conferences, etc." "To protest against the trained animal performance join the Jack London Club." These two sentences we take from *La Protection des Animaux*, published at Marseilles, France.

A CERTAIN Major Harding Cox of England wrote recently, "I yield to no man in my love for animals," and then says further on, according to *The Animals' Friend*, "I have hunted scores of foxes and hares and shot a whole holocaust of feather and fur." Heaven save the animals from such devoted lovers!

A HUMOROUS writer for the *London Daily Express* has his fling at some of the modern so-called scientists by saying:

"I frankly do not believe the doctor who says that after an operation for rejuvenation and the implanting of monkey glands, his ninety-year-old patient, on regaining consciousness, muttered, 'I know I'm going to be late for school again.'"

CONGRATULATIONS to the American Express Company for generously consenting to fold in their tourists' advertisements humane leaflets calling attention to ways in which to relieve animal suffering, especially in countries where horses and beasts of burden are cruelly overworked or ill-treated. Among the suggestions are, "Refuse to hire a cab whose horse shows signs of the lash, abuse, or neglect." "Stop the cab and refuse to ride with a man who beats his horse."

THE BOY SCOUTS AND ANIMALS

WE can imagine the difficulty the managers of the Boy Scouts organization have in dealing with the thousand and one questions that confront them. There are Scout masters, no doubt, brought up to hunt and trap and whose regard for animals has never been one of genuine sympathy, and there are hosts of boys joining the various groups who have never had the home or school training that would lead to a thoughtful consideration of all sentient life.

The modern boy fears few things more than to be called over-sensitive, or weak, or timid. The moving pictures that thrill him are of the bold, brave rough rider, the fearless adventurer of the wilds of land and sea. One of the objects of the Scout movement is, and rightly, to encourage and develop in the boy hardihood, endurance, ability to take care of himself amid trying outdoor conditions. This discipline is excellent and must commend itself to all who want to see our youth grow up into a vigorous physical manhood.

But this sort of training and discipline comes to be associated with such outdoor so-called sports as hunting and trapping, and that many Boy Scouts have found pleasure in these directions is all too evident.

And yet over against this are the Scout laws. We quote from the English Boy Scout tests: "A Scout is a friend to animals. He should save them as far as possible from pain and should not kill any animal unnecessarily, even if it is only a fly—for it is one of God's creatures. Killing an animal for food is allowable." And from the American Scout Laws: "A Scout is kind. He is a friend to animals. He will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save or protect all harmless life."

We are glad to state that a letter just received from the Chief Scout Executive, Mr. James E. West, says, "While it is obviously impossible to control the actions of individuals in an organization whose membership is over 700,000, the Boy Scout officials do absolutely discourage cruelty to animals in every form, and there is nothing in our requirements or literature that is not in accord with this policy. I am glad that you have given me this opportunity to reaffirm our purpose of

co-operation with the humane societies." Mr. West is to contribute an article for our magazine upon some of the services the Boy Scouts are rendering to animals.

THE REPROACH OF THE PACIFIST

WE wonder how many people who use the word "pacifist" know what it means. We confess we do not. We search the standard dictionaries in vain to discover it. Yet to be called a "pacifist" would appear to be labeled with a name denoting all that was communistic, anarchistic, un-American. Pacifists are even charged with being members of an ancient order whose aim is the overthrow of all constitutional government, the wrecking of our cherished forms of social order including the destruction of home, church, and Heaven knows what else.

We had thought, in our innocence, that a pacifist was one who might claim to belong to the ancient and honorable order of those mentioned in the beatitude "Blessed are the peacemakers." Apparently we have been sadly mistaken. To be a pacifist you are a menace to your country's safety, without regard for its traditions, its history, its achievements, false to its noblest ideals, to be maligned, jeered at, reviled by all 100 per cent American patriots upon whose loyalty and devotion the future of the nation alone must rest.

Nevertheless, if to hate war, to hold it the transcendent crime of history, to strive for all things that would make for peace and goodwill among men and nations, to be willing to suffer wrong at times rather than to fling down the gage of battle before any opportunity can be had for explanations or conciliation, to love your country so much that you would rather see her the servant of nations than their feared and hated rival—if this is what it is to be a pacifist, then we are confident the great mass of our citizens who seldom appear on public platforms, who think for themselves, who are not clamoring for applause, who have little use for the posing champions of patriotism, must bear the pacifists' reproach.

CARDINAL NEWMAN is quoted as having said that the life of the animals is to us almost as mysterious as that of the angels.

THE ANIMAL ACTS—ARE THEY HUMANE?

TRAINING AND EXHIBITION OF PERFORMING ANIMALS NOW UNDER CLOSER SCRUTINY

WE note with pleasure the growth of the Jack London Club and the gradual but certain elimination of most of the cruelty in exhibiting trained animals. Our agents reported the Big Circus in Pittsburgh as exceptionally free from evidences of cruelty. Legislation is under way in several states, and especially in England, with promise that definite legal restrictions will be placed on such performances."—From the Annual Report of H. L. Mason, Jr., president of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society.

GREAT cruelties persist in the rodeo," declared Minnie Madden Fiske, speaking before the General Federation of Women's Clubs. "Some of its scenes have a picturesque and historic value, but the drawing power of the show depends upon acts that terrorize and torment dazed, helpless animals, and in many rodeos we have found cruelties very slightly less barbarous than those of the bull-fight."

NO less an authority than the "Encyclopedia Britannica" states that the experiment has been tried of rearing rare, wild, fur-bearing animals in captivity, and although climatic conditions and food have been precisely as in their natural environment, the fur has been poor in quality and bad in color, totally unlike that taken from animals in the wild state. The sensation of fear or the restriction of movement and the obtaining of food without exertion evidently prevent the normal development of the creature.

AT the annual convention of the Washington State Branch, National Congress of Parents and Teachers, held in May, it was unanimously.

Resolved: that all Associations in the Washington State Branch get solidly behind the promotion of the law-enforcement program against rodeo shows in the state of Washington, authorized by the State Executive Committee in its July meeting, 1926.

This pledges 650 organizations to action against the rodeo. The resolution was passed after the convention listened to a ringing speech on the subject by Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols of the American Humane Education Society.

WHAT we must unhesitatingly condemn is the blind and reckless barbarism which has ransacked, and is ransacking, whole provinces and continents, without a glimmer of suspicion that the innumerable birds and quadrupeds which it is rapidly exterminating have any other part or purpose in nature than to be sacrificed to human vanity, that idle gentlemen and ladies may bedeck themselves, like certain characters in the fable, in borrowed skins and feathers. What care they for all the beauty and tenderness and intelligence of the varied forms of animal life? What is it to them whether these be helped forward by man in the universal progress and evolution of all living things, or whether whole species be transformed and degraded by the way—boiled down, like the beaver, into a hat, or, like the seal, into a lady's jacket?

HENRY S. SALT in "Animals' Rights"



SUBJUGATED, HUMILIATED, AND TRAINED FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITION
BY IRON-HAND METHODS

TRAINED TIGERS

THE fact has been reasonably established that, in the training and the exhibition of wild animals on the stage at particular moments according to the time-table, *cruelty has been involved*, and also that it is absolutely necessary to cause the animals at all times to stand in fear of those who compel them to go through their acts. Violent usage, harsh treatment, the infliction of physical pain and the constant fear of its repetition, keep the animals in a state of servility, hence complete subjugation and obedience. As further evidence of this fact an instance, more flagrant than is customary, is called to attention in the *Animals' Friend*:

"By far the worst exhibition was that of the trainer with the bears and tigers, etc. He did not attempt to disguise the fact that his mastery was absolutely by fear of the whip. Immediately he entered the cage all animals crouched back from him. The performance was that of jumping, and tableaux, the whip being frequently brought into play. An attendant outside the cage further subdued the animals by a fork. We certainly think this man ought to be specially watched. The animals' fear of him was even commented upon by the most ignorant of the spectators around during the performance."

RODEO SCENES

WILLARD D. MORGAN

SPURRING, switching, and shouting at the bewildered horses which tried to pull in the horse tug-of-war, is the picture that haunts the memory since the rodeo at Salinas, California. Each side is determined to win the pulling contest and in their endeavors the frenzied horses are battered and bruised with the many kicks and blows to compel them to

pull with every ounce of strength they possess. This is only one of the many cruel tortures which the horses at the rodeo are required to go through. The double back riders lash their horses unmercifully as they gallop around the track.

Then during the roping exhibitions a pistol is fired to scare a frightened steer out into the arena for some cowboy to run nearly to death around the field before throwing the lariat. Thousands of people travel to see these animal tortures every year, including hundreds of young people who see the rodeo for the first time. But in the last few years there has been a growing sentiment against the torturous exhibition which will undoubtedly be able to abolish this form of amusement very soon. There is never a rodeo that passes without leaving several men seriously wounded, and some cases of death have followed the injuries received.

The rodeo is undoubtedly one of the amusements of the past and is being ruled out in many localities for better forms of public entertainment and education.

THE MASSACHUSETTS LAW

BRIEFLY summarized, the law provides that the use of steel traps with spread of over 6 inches and "choke" traps with greater opening than 6 inches is unlawful, as is also the use of snares or, except with consent of landowner, of scented baits. Traps may not be set on inclosed lands of another without written consent. Traps must be visited at least once in 24 hours. Animals "may be taken from traps on the Lord's day," but traps may not be set or reset on Sunday.

A HUMANE religion has to wait for a humane generation.

C. W. ELIOT in "The Religion of the Future"

TO AN ENGLISH SPARROW

LOUELLA C. POOLE

POOR little sparrow, I'm sorry for you,
Your foes are so many, your friends are so few!
'Tis said you're a nuisance, a plague and a pest,
But somehow I like you, hopping in quest
Of crumbs in the street, you're so brave and so
gay.
With your tireless chirp, chirp, chirp all day.

I wonder sometimes if you are to blame
For having a rather unsavory name.
It may be. But yet in spite of the things
I hear said of you as a nuisance on wings,
I like you—your energy, gayety, zest—
So here at my window are crumbs, little guest!

WOMAN'S CLUB OPPOSES TRAPPING

PROTESTING the practice of trapping furbearing animals and the resultant cruelty, the San Gabriel Woman's Club, California, adopted a resolution to discourage the wearing of furs obtained through the trapping of animals and to do everything possible to spread the knowledge of the methods used in providing furs for women's wear.

The resolution in full is as follows:

Whereas, That time is now past in the history of mankind in which it was necessary to use the skin and fur of animals for protection of the human being from the cold, since the production of fabrics for clothing has reached a high state of perfection; and

Whereas, The continued use of furs by men and women for adornment not necessity, leads to the lingering torture of the animals caught in traps; the incessant pursuit of such furbearing animals is leading to the extinction of many species of harmless and beautiful animals; and the occupation of trapping is not elevating to the person who follows it; and

Whereas, The general decrease in the supply of furs, in addition to their exploitation by dealers and fashion makers, creates an economic waste through the increasing price of furs; leads to extravagance on the part of many purchasers; and

Whereas, We believe that tender-hearted and sensitive women would not countenance the use of materials which cost so much in pain and terror to innocent hunted animals if these women only knew the conditions under which their furs were obtained;

Therefore, be it Resolved: That the San Gabriel Woman's Club will do all that it can to discourage the wearing of furs that are obtained through the trapping or otherwise torturing of wild animals; and that it will assist, to the limit of its ability, in the dissemination of knowledge of the methods used in providing furs for women's wear. And be it further

Resolved, That a reading of this resolution be made at each final yearly meeting of this club, or more often if considered desirable, and that copies of this resolution be sent to the California State and District Federations of Women's Clubs, to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and to Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the President of the United States.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. J. F. SALTER

MRS. ANNA FULLER RUSSELL

MRS. CHRISTINE S. SEXTON

Committee

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

A Friendly Shore Bird

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the author

THE spotted sandpiper is a bird of the brooks, ponds, lakes, and streams. It is a very common bird. But you must go to the shores of streams and ponds if you wish to see it. There, likely as not, you will see it running along the shore, from you, stopping occasionally to secure a bite to eat. Get near it and it flies off a short distance, where it alights on the shore again. When startled it utters a sharp note of alarm, saying quite clearly, "peet-weet." Because of this familiar note it is also known as the "peet-weet."

The spotted sandpiper migrates northward late in April, long after the familiar and common killdeer has made its appearance.

There is little danger of confusing the spotted sandpiper with any other bird. It belongs to the order of shore birds, being closely related to the woodcock, Wilson's snipe, and yellow-legs. It is about seven and one-half inches long, a half-inch longer than the bluebird. But it looks much larger than the latter bird because of its long slender legs, one of the chief characteristics of most shore birds. In build it is rather slim, especially when compared with the woodcock.

This little bird is white underneath marked with many round dark spots which are heaviest on the breast and sides. Above it is olive in color, barred with black. A light line runs over and a dark line through each eye.

The most noticeable thing about the sandpiper is the peculiar up and down motion of its tail. The bird looks as though its tail were pumped by a spring mechanism of some kind, so persistent is its motion. "Medical authorities," writes Herbert K. Job, "decry our 'teetering' with the rocking chair as conducive to nervous disorders, but this little chap teeters all his life and does not appear to suffer for it. Possibly it might add fifty per cent to his years if we could teach him to

calm himself and 'be aisy!'" Because of the pumping motion of its tail this bird is also known as the teeter snipe, tip-up, teeter bird, and other names.

The spotted sandpiper is not much of a bird architect. It coils a few weeds and grasses about the sides of a depression in the ground for a nest. Perhaps a few leaves and other materials also are worked into it, no doubt materials to be had near at hand if not actually on the spot chosen for the nest. The eggs, which number three or four, are buff in color, blotched and spotted with dark brown.

A few years ago I found a sandpiper's nest, shortly before the young made their appearance. The nest had been built near the shore of a small muddy creek. The second time I visited this nest I found that the eggs had hatched. Apparently the young had been out of the shell but a few hours. The anxious mother soon made her appearance, uttering her plaintive "peet-weet" notes. I hunted in the grass near the nest for the little fellows, which I knew could not be far off. Sandpipers have large eggs for the size of the bird and the youngsters are able to run about nearly as soon as hatched. These had lost little time getting out of the nest.

I sat still, after a fruitless search, scanning the grass in all directions. Presently, I heard a faint "peep," which seemed to come from the grass but three or four feet from the nest. After looking right at the little bird for some time I was finally able to "make it out." I picked it up, put it in the nest, and began looking for another that I heard. Soon I found it, and shortly afterwards a third. I put all in the nest and took a picture or two of them. In spite of their small size, apparent helplessness, they repeatedly tried to run off. No doubt that had I come a day later I would not have been able to find them, or had I found them, I would not have been able to get them to sit for pictures.

Sandpipers often, though not always, feign injury when an intruder gets near a nest. Then they cry at the tops of their voices and at the same time act as though in great distress. Last spring, I flushed a bird that led me several rods off through the brush, weeds, willows, and marsh grasses. I searched for a long time for the eggs or young, but not a glimpse of them did I get. The photograph shows a typical nest found last year. It had been built near some willows, about a rod from the waters of a large stream. The picture gives one a good idea of the size, shape, and appearance of the eggs, as well as the architectural ability of the friendly little "peet-weet," "teeter-bird," or spotted sandpiper.



NEST AND EGGS OF SPOTTED SANDPIPER

A DESERT BURROMASTER

HARRY R. PETERSON

OUT in the heart of the Mohave Desert, near the National Old Trail to Needles, an old prospector named "Mac" has discovered an unusual way of making a living that combines kindness to animals with service to the community.

Mac is a catcher of burros. When leaving the desert, parties of miners have often found



DESERT BURRO

it difficult to dispose of the burros they have used on their trip. As the few inhabitants of neighboring settlements were plentifully supplied, no one would buy them; often they could not even give them away. Consequently they would adopt the cruel practice of leaving them on the outskirts of the nearest town and taking the train back to the city.

Because of the scarcity of food, the animals were in a worse plight than deserted dogs or cats in the city. Also there is nothing that the residents of a desert settlement desire less than a cordon of hungry burros waiting out in the sand-hills to eat up anything not under lock and key. The necessity of keeping doors and windows continuously open in the oppressive desert heat made it possible for the wild burros to make night forays into the towns and sample everything that looked like nourishment.

From the time he started his burro corral, Mac's activity was hailed with delight in this part of the Mohave. When a miner had waited several days to get an especially interesting magazine, it was annoying to have the omnivorous burro put his head through the window during the night and chew up the serial. Nor did it improve the storekeeper's temper to discover a dozen labels on his canned goods missing, and the cans decorated with dental impressions. Neither was the music from the sand-hills pleasing, for fifteen or twenty burros can make a great deal of noise. Mac's work put an end to these troubles.

He simply waits until the prospecting parties have departed; then he rounds up the animals and keeps them in his corral, selling them later to desert travelers. As he feeds them well, the little pack animals are contented and thrive. When a mining boom starts suddenly, he makes an excellent profit. Since wild burros are not easy to catch, he has little competition, and in addition to the money, he has earned the gratitude of his neighbors and saved the burros from much suffering.

THE AUTO AND THE HORSE

JOHN E. MILLER

THOUGH bedecked in splendid trappings,
gliding on its stately course,
Still the Auto's but a lackey to His Majesty, The Horse.

*Who could know a pang of pity for a broken
frame of steel,
Like the sorrow that a master for his fallen steed
must feel?*

*Who, behind a chugging engine—thing without
heart or will—
Ever felt the blood-tide tingle like the horseman's
gallop thrill?*

*Death is in the Auto's pathway; madness
glowers at the wheel;
But a good horse guides and guards you, faithful,
trustful, wise and leal.*

*Let the Auto toil for Commerce, claim the prize
for strength and speed;
But for frolic and for friendship, give a true bred
man his steed.*

THE FRONT COVER PICTURE

DISGUISE," famous thoroughbred whose offspring have won more than \$1,000,000 in prizes, celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday at the rancho Wickiup, breeding farm of John H. Rossiter, California. The *piece de resistance*, insofar as Disguise was concerned, was a fifteen-inch birthday cake, with a bran foundation and surrounded by twenty-nine carrots, symbolizing the number of the thoroughbred's years. Tod Sloan, world-famous jockey, who rode Disguise into third place in the English Derby twenty-six years ago, was at the party and told of the former glories of Disguise. The picture shows Disguise about to partake of his birthday cake, with Tod Sloan holding him, and Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter on either side.

WHAT a commentary on human nature, what a reflection on the minds and souls of those created only a little lower than the angels, that nowhere in the animal world is there needless and wanton cruelty comparable to that of which man is persistently guilty. True, man is capable of heights not to be reached by his most loyal and intelligent dumb animal friends; it is not less true that he can sink to a lower level than the worst of them.

—Boston Herald

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

STOP AND THINK!

DAVID LEE WHARTON

MAN styles himself the lord of creation. What he is in reality is the nightmare of creation.

It was not so in the beginning. True, man was given dominion over the lower forms of life, but as a guardian, a vice-regent, and he has reduced himself to his present unenviable position through his selfishness and gross betrayal of the stewardship vested in him.

For some reason, man seems to look upon the subhuman folk as a thing apart in the scheme of creation and salvation. That they are creatures of like feelings as himself appears to be a fact beyond his grasp, as is the fact that they possess rights which man is, or should be, in honor bound to respect. If every man, or even the majority of men were to stop and think seriously upon the treatment accorded his speechless friends and co-workers, without doubt many of the abuses would be ended forthwith.

Stop and think. If you were harnessed to a load far beyond your strength, hungry and thirsty to boot, and as you struggled valiantly with your task, someone rained blows upon your weary body, would you patiently accept the blows and strive to achieve the impossible until you dropped from exhaustion? Would you? Stop and think!

If you were lying quietly on your lawn, or sitting on the pavement, inoffensive, and in no one's way, and a burly biped were to gratuitously bestow upon you a vicious kick, or several of them, would you only look reproachfully at the kicker and ask him to excuse you for living? Stop and think!

If, on a hot summer day you were almost crazed with thirst and no water within your reach, and as you ran wildly in search of it molesting no one, a mob were to chase you, yelling and showering missiles upon your limp body, would you only run the faster and try pitifully to evade their venom, finally standing unresistingly as they shot you down in cold blood? Stop and think!

If you had done nothing amiss and someone more wily than yourself had ensnared you and placed you in a cage barely large enough in which to turn your body, and set you on exhibition in some public place to be gaped upon by witless sightseers from morning till night, until the day of your death, would you only lie patiently in your narrow quarters and blush for the higher (?) animal who gazed stupidly upon your misery? Stop and think!

If you were led into a dazzlingly lighted arena, and before you realized what was intended, some crass ruffian sprang upon your back digging repeatedly into your sides, spurs an inch and a half in diameter, adding to your terror by striking you resounding blows with his hat, while several thousands, as crude and cruel as himself laughed coarsely, and yelled "Ride 'im cowboy," "Pour it on 'im," "Dig 'em deep," and other inhuman and asinine admonitions, would you only, in your frenzy of terror and agony, as the blood-covered spurs sank deeper in your flesh, try desperately to shake off your torturer, and hold no grudge against him, or her? (It sometimes happens to be a female of the human species engaged in roping, "bulldogging," and other rodeo niceties.) Stop and think!

There is not, as many seem to believe, "a great gulf fixed" between human and sub-human, which cannot be crossed. The only barrier is the lack of articulate speech on the

part of the lesser animals, and this is not insurmountable by any means, as daily association with our speechless friends proves. The dog, for instance, understands our very words. And one must be dull, indeed, who is incapable of interpreting the language of eloquent eyes, wagging tails, barks, neighs, and the numberless sounds and expressive motions with which nature has endowed these sentient creatures in lieu of that which humans call "speech."

There is no chasm so deep and wide that it cannot be spanned by the bridge of kindness. So—stop and think!

GOOD COMRADE

CECIL HARGREAVES

I LOVE him well. He loves me, too.
His eyes tell me his heart is true.
A hundred ways he speaks to me,
His dear head resting on my knee.
Full of joy when I am glad,
Sorrowful when I am sad,
A sympathetic, loyal friend,
My life with his he would defend.
Wistful he looks when I go out,
But of his welcome there's no doubt,
He wags his tail and with one bound,
Greets me with such joy profound,
And though I never can forget
That I owe him an honored debt
Naught from me does he demand
But just a pat of kindly hand.
He coaxes me with lifted paw
And yet, my word to him is law.
He understands my slightest nod.
Indeed, "Good Comrade" is my dog!

SCHOOL POSTERS SENT ABROAD

PUPILS in Massachusetts schools who entered posters in the prize contest of the S. P. C. A. will be interested to know that, in response to urgent requests, many of the drawings have been sent to a girls' school in the Straits Settlements (Malay Peninsula), to Madrid, Spain, for public exhibition in an art museum, and to other foreign places.



"BUNNIE" AND CAROLINE
Pets of Editor R. L. Ross of *The Reporter*,
Dysart, Iowa

The Dog in the Parsonage

THE following letter from Rev. William C. Sainsbury, pastor of Central Park M. E. Church, St. Paul, Minn., appeared in the *Dispatch* of that city:—

It is Sunday, and in our house, Sunday means church and school and all the sweet associations of home. But this is an unusually happy Sunday, for it is Mother's Day and we are so glad that we may all wear the red flower, for mother is with us. It is a glittering morning, and the three youngsters are more than exuberant.

But nobody is as happy as "Zeph," for though only a dog, from the tip of her cool, damp nose, to the final hair of her Spitz-like tail, she quivers with life and good will. We call her Zeph, which is short for Zephyr, and like a breeze of light she flashes from room to room, a streak of light and canine comfort. It is clear that brother 7, and brother 9, have entered into conspiracy with sister 13, and the box of chocolates is for Mother, with Zeph as chief counsel and willing witness.

With a rush, Zeph is outside, and the children, never far behind, prepare to follow. It seems only a minute or two when we hear a startled, alarmed cry from the children which brings us outside on the run. "Papa! Zeph is dead." Impossible! Incredible! Why it is only a moment ago since she was careening across the emerald lawn, luxuriating in life. But here she lies, with agonized mouth against the steps she vainly tried to climb that she might die in the home that had given her shelter during her brief two years of life and among the little friends from whom she never separated. With glazed eye, she stares, unseeing, and that tongue which was so eager to give the lick of love, is thrust out in an agony of struggle. Yes, she is dead.

We are awe-stricken. We had heard that people sometimes poisoned dogs, but never supposed that anyone could be cruel enough nor vile enough to inflict such torture on our Zeph. We are stunned, but as we lift the stiffened, poisoned body, and carry it into the garage, the children begin to weep. Oh, such tears, such grief, such sorrow. They are unconsolable. There is no breakfast eaten. Gone is the joy of the day, shadowed by the sun of even Mother's Day, for Zeph is dead, poisoned by some anonymous cad who sneaks in the shadows and leaves a trail of murder.

What had my dog done? Well, she had protected my home and my children and was a faithful guardian of my domicile. Friendly and courteous always, yet she never tolerated the stranger to take liberties, though her approving sniff of satisfaction was quickly given when master or mistress welcomed the guest. Probably she crossed my neighbor's lawn, though nobody ever complained, and I swear she never molested a soul. All she asked was a little space on this wide earth to live her life, and some children to love.

What has the coward accomplished in poisoning my dog? Well, he has robbed my three children of the best little friend they have ever known. There is nobody to take her place, for it was Zeph who sat in sympathetic silence when sickness was in the home, and it was Zeph who watched the invalid who suffered the long winter days, and it was Zeph who welcomed the master who late returns home long after the house is hushed and silent.

It may also be a comfort to the person whose profane hand set the poison that my children

have discovered for the first time that there are such monsters in the world. Little eyes have flashed with blazing hate, and indignant breasts have heaved with unrequited revenge. They now abhor an invisible foe, and it must be a great source of satisfaction to the individual, whose satanic selfishness cannot find room for a children's dog in the city of St. Paul, to know that three little children who pray night and morning and who know no guile have "been offended." There is something about a millstone written in the Great Book as a reward for those who offend these little ones.

I suppose a few paltry flowers are now better protected since the four dogs that have been poisoned in this neighborhood in the past few days have gone. But it must be a noble mind that conceives the elevated plan of putting poison in the paths of puppies! I think that on the day of judgment, when the deeds of great men and little dogs are reviewed by the Great Judge, I would rather take my chances with my four-footed friend than with that abominable biped who probably looks like a human being.

And I write to you sir, in behalf of all the little boys and girls in our neighborhood, whose tears have flowed and whose hearts have been heavy and whose homes saddened through the same ubiquitous sneak. Recourse to the law is not very hopeful, for while the penalty is well established, the conviction is difficult. Unless we want a childless city, we might as well assume that we shall have dogs on our streets.

Meanwhile, my children are weeping. Mother's Day was a dark day. It was written high in the memory as a murder day by my boys, for Zeph is dead.

BESIDES the pet animals in the house and barn, and the pigeons and chickens that grow so tame and gentle that they have no terror of, and only confidence in, their friends of the household, there are the birds in the bough to love and study and every child should be encouraged to learn the names of these feathered friends. Bird study is fascinating and a child may easily learn the various notes and ways of the little brothers of the air from the hummingbird and the oriole to the owl and the crow.

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER



"MUTSIE" RUMLER, HAWTHORNE, N. J.
Rescued three years ago at the age of two months

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1926

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

WHAT IT COSTS

TWO hundred and fifty miles of travel to investigate a complaint made out of spite. Some weeks ago we received a letter telling of the gross cruelty of which a man in Vermont was guilty. We sent it to Mr. H. B. Chapman, agent of the Lucy Mackenzie Humane Society of Woodstock, that state. Mr. Chapman traveled two hundred and fifty miles to find the man charged with cruelty. The complaint was groundless, as was evidenced by the fine condition of the man's horses and cattle and by the testimony of his neighbors. It's the old story familiar to all humane societies that are conscientious about investigating all apparently sincere complaints. Thousands of miles are traveled by agents at no little cost every year upon complaints back of which are only personal animosities.

Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN

LOVERS of tennis may be interested to know that this famous player is a great lover of animals, especially of dogs. The *Rivista Zoofila Italiana* tells the following story:

One day early in January, 1923, a group of passers-by had collected near the Arc de Triomphe. The object of attraction was a poor stray dog, who from sheer exhaustion had stopped there, panting violently.

An agent came up and asked: "Whose dog is it? Nobody's? Then we must take him to be done away with."

He took from his pocket a bit of string, tied it to the dog, who let himself be dragged away.

At the same moment another passer-by, a young woman, joined the group, asking what was the matter. Her question answered, she darted after the agent and told him that she would like the dog, and that he could rely on it being well cared for. The agent hesitated, but finally consented, and when at his request she gave her name, it turned out that the dog's protectress was Suzanne Lenglen.

POLICE Judge John P. McMahon has ruled that the director of traffic in Washington, D. C., is not empowered to exclude horse-drawn vehicles from Sixteenth Street Northwest and other boulevards. We understand the traffic director purposes to contest the ruling. Judge McMahon held that the act of Congress never intended to give the director authority save over automobiles.

THE RABIES SCARE

Reprinted by request

IT is about time for the public to be frightened again by widely circulated reports of the prevalence of rabies. Here is just one experience that well illustrates the ease with which such a scare can be started: A thoroughly reputable physician drove up to our Hospital a few days ago and wanted someone to come with him down the street and shoot a mad dog. The superintendent jumped into the doctor's car and hurried to the vestibule of an apartment house in front of which quite a crowd had gathered in mortal fear of a rabid dog shut in behind the closed door. "I would have shot him myself," said the physician, "if I had had a gun; it's a very clear case of rabies." As soon as our superintendent looked in the door he assured the doctor and the neighbors that they had no cause to be alarmed. He walked in, picked up the poor little fellow in his arms, and getting back into the automobile brought it to the Hospital. The dog had had a convulsion due, in all probability, to improper feeding. In a few hours he was quite all right again. "Well," said the doctor, "I am surprised. I should have said that was a typical case of rabies. Nothing would have tempted me to go near the dog without a gun. I think I have learned something today."

A Detroit daily paper, of recent issue, tells us of a veterinarian of that city who declares that at least 75,000 of its dogs should be destroyed to prevent the spread of rabies. We do not for a moment deny the existence of this disease, but it is so rare, it is so often mistaken for many another ill to which the dog is subject, that few of us need ever worry about dying of hydrophobia. We are quite as liable to be struck by lightning.

A FOOD REGULATION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

THE carcasses of hogs which show *acute* (italics ours) and characteristic lesions (morbid changes) of either hog cholera or swine plague in any organ or tissue other than the kidneys or lymph glands shall be condemned."

Another: "Any organ or part of a carcass which is badly bruised or which is affected by a tumor, an abscess, or a *suppurating sore* (italics ours) shall be condemned; and when the lesions are of such character or extent as to affect the whole carcass, the whole carcass shall be condemned. Parts of carcass which are contaminated by pus shall be condemned."

B. A. I. Order 211 Revised

BIRDS OF BELGIUM

THE Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, April 10, contained a notice of the releasing at Saint Quentin of 109,000 carrier pigeons. They had been sent from Belgium in 3,620 baskets, which occupied an entire train. The sky seemed filled with pigeons as they rose into the air and then turned their course homeward.

Remember the Nevins Rest and Boarding Farm for Horses maintained by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Methuen. Only \$3.50 pays the expense of a week's vacation for some deserving horse. Checks for this purpose should be mailed to the Society at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

THE STARLING. IS HE A MENACE?

THE increasing number of starlings among us has raised the question as to their value as insect-eating birds. They have their friends and their foes. Mr. Winthrop Packard, one of our directors, and the secretary of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, has this to say for the starling:

"The starling is a most useful bird. It eats huge quantities of destructive worms and insects. While it occasionally damages fruit and grain crops, the economic loss from this cause is much more than offset by the aid it gives the farmer and grassland owner by destroying the enemies of vegetation. The worst thing about this bird is its persistent habit of stealing the nesting-places of many of our native birds. It nests in holes and crevices in trees and about buildings and takes kindly to artificial bird-boxes.

"I believe this situation can be improved by providing more bird homes. The Audubon Society has long insisted on the necessity of setting up large numbers of bird-boxes to provide housing for all birds in thickly-settled regions. If there are enough suitable nesting-places for the whole bird population, the starling will not disturb the other birds. Besides, it is easy to reserve any of these homes for the smaller birds by making the opening not more than an inch and a half in diameter.

"They did not gain a foothold in America until 1890 and 1891, when Eugene Scheiffelin liberated 120 starlings in Central Park, New York."

THE RACE TRACK AND THE WHIP

IN these days when interest in horse races seems to be reviving, at least in certain sections, we quote the words below with genuine approval. They are not from a distinctively humane periodical, but from *The Rider and Driver*:—

Undoubtedly, in our opinion, more horses have been spoiled and races lost through punishment than from any other cause, principally for the reason that the humans applying the whip, or the spur, to the dumb creature under their control have not the intelligence to understand the animal which, owing to its lack of speech, cannot protest against improper treatment, or complain when not feeling up to the task it is expected to perform.

"Heartless horse!"

Not at all heartless, but a proud, sensitive spirit resenting stupid, brutal treatment.

That is why the horse sulks and swerves under the lash and the race is lost, and furthermore if the horse does submit to the punishment without swerving, the movements of the rider in applying the lash, or prodding the sides of the horse, throw him out of balance so that his speed is lessened instead of increased.

THE Michigan Humane Society is authority for a rough estimate of 30,000 as the total number of work-horses in Detroit and vicinity. One creamery company alone uses 550, and one coal and ice company keeps 325 horses. There are 101 horse drinking fountains and seventy-five horse-shoeing establishments in daily operation in the city of automobiles. Last year more than 542,000 horses and 6,000 mules, with an aggregate value of approximately \$44,440,000, were raised in Michigan.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
FRED'K M. STEARNS, *Treasurer*
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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

MRS. EDITH W. CLARKE, *President*
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MISS HELEN W. POTTER, *Secretary*

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	490
Animals examined	4,368
Number of prosecutions	22
Number of convictions	20
Horses taken from work	57
Horses humanely put to sleep	62
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,156
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	30,803
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	78

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during June of \$75 each from E. C. and Mrs. E. MacL.; \$50 each from Mrs. C. W. C. and M. J.; \$25 each from M. A. B., W. N., Mrs. W. C. S., Mrs. J. F. LeS. and A. H. R.; and \$20 each from F. A. D., M. W., Mrs. C. W. K., C. R. C., and J. L.

The Society has been remembered in the will of Mary W. C. Whiting of Hingham.

The American Humane Education Society acknowledges gifts of \$150 from a Rhode Island friend; \$50 from N. C. W.; and \$35 from the Washington Humane Education Society.

July 13, 1926.

HORSE WATERING STATIONS

HYDRANT watering stations for horses were opened in Boston by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., July 1, as follows: Post Office Square, Winthrop Square, Causeway and Staniford Streets, Atlantic Avenue and Commercial Street, and Roxbury Crossing. This service of free water for Boston's horses will be maintained throughout the hot weather. Contributions towards the expense will be welcome by the Society.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100
Veterinarians
H. F. DAILEY, V. M. D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V. M. D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D. V. S.
W. M. EVANS, D. V. S.
D. L. BOLGER, D. V. S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V. M. D.
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*
FREE Dispensary for Animals
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.
Advice for sick and injured animals.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 693	Cases 1,649
Dogs 515	Dogs 1,332
Cats 156	Cats 290
Horses 12	Birds 16
Birds 6	Horses 3
Monkeys 3	Rats 2
Guinea Pig 1	Sheep 2
	Rabbit 1
	Cow 1
	Squirrel 1
	Turtle 1

Operations 487
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 57,255
Free Dispensary cases 88,133
Total 145,388

REPORT OF OUR SPRINGFIELD OFFICER FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS

Cases investigated	348
Animals inspected	1,615
Horses taken from work	37
Horses humanely destroyed	37
Cows destroyed	3
Small animals destroyed or found homes for	1,284
Cases prosecuted	47
Convictions	43
Cases where defendants received probation	3
Cases where defendants received jail sentences	1
Cases discharged	4

THEODORE W. PEARSON

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

A PROTEST

July 2, 1926

Managers of the Keith-Albee Theater
614 Washington Street
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen, —

Our Society has already begun to receive protests from intelligent citizens of Boston and vicinity against the report that the Keith Circuit has entered into a contract with the man who, while drunk, killed the ostrich at Franklin Park.

I devoutly hope that the report is a false one, for I am sure that a great multitude of people whose good-will the Keith Circuit wants could feel only the most serious disapprobation of anything so unworthy the reputation of the circuit.

I am

Very truly yours,

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY

President

PLANS FOR AUXILIARY FAIR

At the annual Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., to be held early in November at the Society's building, tables will be in charge of various members, as follows: white elephant, Mrs. Agnes Fisher; candy, Mrs. Charles Rowley; utility, Mrs. H. F. Woodward; food, Mrs. E. H. Woods. There will also be an apron table, cafeteria, and bridge. Friends wishing to make contributions of salable articles or cash are requested to send them at any time to Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. The exact date of the event, with additional particulars, will be announced later.

DELEGATES to the Portland Convention are requested to look for the display of free literature by the American Humane Education Society, in charge of Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols.

THE WAY THE DOG TELEPHONED

AN amusing story is told by the Putnam, Conn., *Patriot*:

The savage barking of a dog coming to the ears of a telephone operator at the Putnam exchange, Monday afternoon, caused some alarm. It sounded as though there was trouble and it came from police headquarters line. Captain Jarvis, who was at home entertaining company, was called. He was told that there was serious trouble at the police station. He said he would go right over. He did.

Arriving at the police station the captain found Patrolman Sponcey quietly reading a newspaper. The only other 'phone on the line was the booth on Main Street and here the captain went.

Opening the door of the booth, Officer Bill Durand's dog jumped out wagging his tail and registering joy at being released.

The dog had followed his master down town and the officer thought that if he put the animal in the booth he would lie down and take a nap. The dog was not in a napping mood. Neither did he take kindly to being confined. His jumping about knocked the receiver from the hook and his barking attracted the attention of the operator.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

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D. D. Fitch British West Indies
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Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Greenville, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

FOR THE N. E. A. CONVENTION

SEVERAL thousand leaflets, cards, booklets, calendars, posters, etc., relating to kindness to animals, were sent by the American Humane Education Society for distribution at the 1926 convention of the National Education Association, held in connection with the Sesqui-centennial at Philadelphia. The Society is indebted to Mrs. Howard Craig Roak of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., and her corps of assistants, for their valuable services in arranging the exhibit and placing the literature in the hands of the teachers.

AN exchange says: A large proportion of arrivals in the next world nowadays reach there by automobile.

CONSTANTINOPLE

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of this city reports a constantly increasing amount of work. The last year has been marked by a greatly enlarged service in caring for the wandering and unclaimed dogs of the street. Lethal chambers have been provided, large and small, and thousands of small animals for which there was no one to care, animals left to hunt for their food, many of them diseased and suffering, have been humanely put to sleep. The police co-operate cheerfully. A refuge has been established where lost dogs are taken and those evidently having homes are kept five days. This refuge was a gift from one member of the Society, who pays all the expenses connected with it. Those who know of the work in Constantinople can easily guess who this member is. A place, too, has been provided where sick and injured horses may receive veterinary treatment. Leaflets in Turkish have been distributed giving directions as to the proper care of horses, and five lantern slide lectures have been given in the schools. His excellency Zeki Pacha is president of the Society. Mrs. A. W. Manning of Robert College is honorary secretary.

HOW IT LOOKS TO A BISHOP

BISHOP WELLDON, of England, has the following to say relative to the often discussed subjects of reason and instinct:

"I find much difficulty in drawing a hard and fast line between reason and instinct. It seems to me clear that human beings sometimes act instinctively, as the lower animals sometimes act rationally, at least if 'reason' and 'instinct' are words understood in their commonly accepted sense. Nobody, I think, can well doubt that a dog, if it finds itself placed in novel circumstances, will not infrequently debate and then adopt such action as, if it were human, would be called rational. But after all, the adaptation of conduct to the conditions in which a human being or animal lives is itself an exercise of the reason. I do not doubt that animals in exercising their reason depend more or less upon some faculty or faculties more highly developed in them than in human beings. But that they do at certain times and in certain places act reasonably or in accordance with reason is a fact which it is difficult to disbelieve.

BLESSING THE ANIMALS

THIS comes to us from Sofia: St. Theodorus Day is the "Animal Day" in Bulgaria, and is celebrated all over the country.

The Bishops hold services, and bless the animals which are all brought to the churches. Afterwards the people go outside the towns and hold friendly races.

This year St. Theodorus Day was celebrated in Sofia at the new Cathedral, before which is a large and handsome square. This was filled with the animals brought to be blessed.

THREE GREEN EGGS

(For my friend, Diana Belais)

THERE are three green eggs in a small brown pocket,
And the breeze will swing and the gale will rock it,

Till three little birds on the thin edge teeter,
And our God be glad and the world be sweeter.

EDWIN MARKHAM in *The Open Door*

AN APPEAL

Humane Education Trust Fund

SOME of our missionaries in the field and other workers who have given time, strength and often money for the promotion of humane education, being now advancing in years and incapacitated by ill health from doing so much active work should, if they need it, receive assistance from us if it is possible for us to render such assistance. We therefore solicit contributions for a fund which has been started by one of our friends for this purpose. This donation of \$1,000 is a foundation upon which we hope to build a goodly amount, the income from which is either to be loaned or given when and where it will be helpful to those who have served the cause of humane education so faithfully. This fund we shall sacredly hold in trust for such humane workers.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

NEW SONGS FOR OLD

ALICE PARK

FIRST impressions are hard to uproot. But the songs about army and navy forever and bombs bursting in air are so familiar to all, that many people fail to recognize their true character as lessons in wholesale murder and delight in warfare.

When anyone wishes to arrange a program for peace exercises for schools, it is extremely difficult to find appropriate songs in the ordinary books. The demand has been for war songs and therefore the books fit the demand. A new demand for peace songs will result in their creation and eventually in familiarity with them.

Music has always been recognized as stimulating to the emotions and so to action. It has been used in all countries to allure and to stir soldiers, and even to prepare the future generation to be soldiers.

Songs can be used and should be used to teach all children a belief in peace, the benefits of peace, the human happiness of peace, as well as an enthusiasm for peace and individual pledges to live for peace.

DR. FRANK CRANE SAYS:

THERE is an old saying that much less meat would be eaten if the individual had to kill the animal he ate.

Few people would think of killing a lamb, though they eat lamb chops, thus from a distance causing the thing they would shrink from doing themselves to be done.

In a lynching no one person is committing the act, but each individual is removed by a diffusion of responsibility. If the individual were alone he would hesitate in extremes of cruelty, but the feeling that he is not alone in doing the deed spurs him on to the inhuman.

Those who commit the actual deeds of cruelty justify themselves as mere cogs in the machine, by saying as long as the demand lasts, if they do not do them someone else will.

A person is responsible for his personal acts and also to a certain extent for his long-distance sinning.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

How to Attract the Wild Birds

RHEA KIMBERLEY JOHNSON

THE simpler the bird-houses or nesting-boxes, the better the birds seem to like them. Remember, the birds are not attracted either by the beauty nor uniqueness of a bird-house. Nature intended certain species to nest in holes in dead trees. The woodlands with natural homes for these birds are disappearing. The birds are forced to accept anything similar as a substitute. Nothing could be a better substitute than a piece of a hollow limb. If it is closed at top and bottom with a piece of wood or tin, a hole bored in the limb—about one-third the way down from the top, so that the birds can get in and out—there is no finer bird-house to be found. Many people make the mistake of putting the entrance hole of the bird-house too near the bottom. I have seen many beautifully-made and expensive bird-houses which I would not have taken as a gift because they did not serve the purpose for which they were made—to attract the birds—as the entrance was not in the place that the birds like to have it. The feathered people like to put in plenty of nesting material in the bottom of their nests. They do not want cold, damp air blowing in on their nestlings. These are the two main reasons why the hole should be nearer the top than the bottom.

One can hang bird-houses from a limb or nail them to a stump or tree. Never put them too low or where they will be easy for a cat to reach. Some people say that the wrens will not take a nesting-box that is placed very high, but I have seen that theory exploded. I placed a bird-house, made from a piece of old apple-bough, under the eaves of the farmhouse about twelve feet above the ground. For the last three summers that house has been the home of two and three broods each summer. It is always popular; sometimes the bluebirds get possession of it and sometimes the wrens. We always know when it is occupied, for it is outside of a bedroom window and the baby birds are better than an alarm clock; they begin their noisy twittering at dawn.

Some of the least expensive, most easily

made and most frequently occupied bird-houses I have had have been made from the little, wooden boxes that laundry blue or cheese comes in. Ask your grocer to save them for you. They are just the right size for wrens and bluebirds. Fasten the cover securely. Make an opening about one-third the way down from the top. For bluebirds, the opening should be about the size of a fifty-cent piece; for wrens about the size of a quarter. Place your improvised bird-box on a post or tree, and if there are any wrens or bluebirds in your neighborhood you will soon have tenants who will amply pay their rent by helping to keep your yard or garden free from insect pests.

These bird-houses may be made to look more attractive by being given a coat of paint or stain. But as the birds do not like the fresh paint, it is best to paint them in the fall, so that by spring the odor of the paint will have subsided.

Robins and phoebes will nest on little shelves about a foot down from your roof, or under the porch roof.

The number of birds that will nest in houses is comparatively few. There are many other birds who seem to enjoy human companionship and will gladly nest near your home if you but help to furnish the required nesting-sites. Their trusting ways and joyous songs will gladden your door-yard.

Any kind of thick shrubbery, such as lilac, syringa, snowball, or privet will attract such birds as catbirds, song sparrows, chipping sparrows, and even robins. If the bushes are pruned, so that in places the branches form forks, they make fine places for the birds to securely place their nests.

The birds seem to love old trees. Of course, orioles, bluebirds and robins often build in old orchards. But we have an old maple on our front lawn which had been struck by lightning. Then the wind damaged it and there was very little left of it. My husband, thinking that it was rather unsightly, and of very little use as a shade tree, wanted to have it cut down. I have such a feeling of kinship



A BALTIMORE ORIOLE BUILT ITS NEST
IN THE OLD MAPLE

with the trees that I hate to see them laid low. So we let it stand another summer. That summer a robin built in a hollow place high up in the tree (a very unusual place for a robin to build). An oriole built out on the only decent-sized limb that was left. Then a wood pewee made a dear, little toy nest on another branch. Three bird families carrying on their domesticity, peacefully and happily, at the same time. To be sure, Mr. Robin, who was there first, disputed Mr. Oriole's right when he first came. There were a few hot encounters; then quiet settled down and Mr. R and Mr. O joined forces and desperately fought together against any invader of their common home. They had never objected to little pewee and he, too, always came valiantly forth to join the two larger birds against the common enemy. The old tree had proved that its days of usefulness were not yet over.

UNISON

ELLEN FRANCIS GILBERT

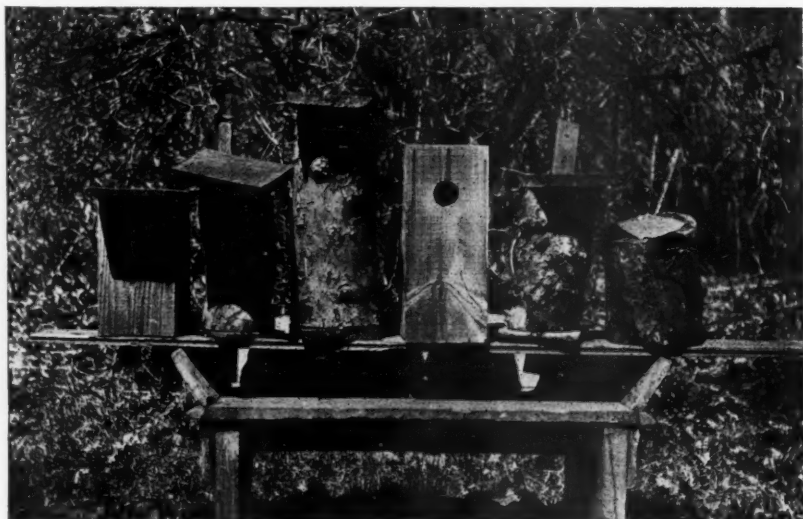
I KNELT by the window at nightfall,
When the world lay dark and still,
And the thought of a thousand little lives
Came drifting over the sill.

I thought of the lives of the forest,
And the lives of the field and sea,
And I felt the force of that silent Love
That created them . . . and me.

I thought of God as a Father,
And I felt the mystic bands
Of that brotherhood of living things
Which was moulded by His hands,

Till the rabbit in his burrow,
And the robin on her nest,
And I, who knelt by the window
Before I went to rest,

Seemed one in my sight for a second,
And Heaven filled the space
Where I knelt by the window at nightfall,
With the night-wind on my face.



PRACTICAL BIRD-HOUSES, ALL OF WHICH HAVE BEEN USED FOR NESTING

THE ELEPHANT SEAL Mexican Government Saves This Rare Mammal from Destruction

GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS

THE elephant seal is a huge, clumsy beast with a flexible trunk, or snout, which, of old males, reaches a maximum length of sixteen inches. It is a giant compared to the



ELEPHANT SEAL

ordinary seals seen along the beaches. An elephant seal may grow to be twenty feet long and weigh almost a ton.

The trunk, which inspired its name, appears to serve no useful purpose except as a resonator. When the elephant seal throws back its head to utter its snore-like call, the end of the trunk, blown full of air like a toy balloon, is thrust into the widely-open mouth. Scientists believe that the elephant seal is a survivor of an ancient lineage, not properly belonging to the present age of highly-organized creatures. This viewpoint is strengthened by the fact that it sheds its skin, the cuticle peeling off in large flakes.

This strange creature was once abundant along the Pacific Coast, but when whalers learned that it yielded a valuable oil, slaughter began, and it became so scarce that it was thought the species had become extinct. This, however, proved untrue; the remnant north of the equator had chosen Guadalupe Island for a last stand.

Guadalupe Island is the westernmost possession of Mexico, located about 180 miles southwest of San Diego, California. The island, an extinct volcano, and uninhabited, is 20 miles long and three miles wide. It was once the refuge of a herd of rare fur seals numbering no less than 100,000, now completely exterminated by hunters who left the island strewn with bones.

Recently a group of scientists visited Guadalupe Island. It was found that the elephant seal herd had increased to over 800. As soon as possible after their return to the mainland the scientists petitioned the Mexican government to make Guadalupe a reservation. This was done almost immediately. Now unauthorized landings on Guadalupe are prohibited, and no one is permitted to molest an elephant seal within three miles of the shores. Heavy

penalties have been fixed for violation of the protecting measures.

It is interesting and gratifying to note that notwithstanding Mexico's unsettled social conditions of the past ten years, her leaders are not unmindful of the welfare of the dumb creatures entirely dependent upon the finer instincts of men for their future existence. Such acts help American friends of Mexico to convince their more critical and less patient countrymen that Mexican leaders are sincere in their efforts to lead their people into the highways of justice, happiness and prosperity.

ALL ABOARD FOR PORTLAND, ORE.!

THE fiftieth Annual Convention of the American Humane Association will be held in Portland, Oregon, August 23-26. The first two days will be devoted to child protection and many familiar with this phase of work are on the program, including Hon. Walter H. Pierce, Governor of Oregon.

Sessions devoted to animal protection will open on Wednesday morning, August 25, and among the speakers will be Mrs. M. A. Weldon, president, Los Angeles Department of Humane Treatment of Animals; Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, field worker of the American Humane Education Society; Charles E. McClain, secretary, Lancaster County Humane Society of Lincoln, Neb.; John Partridge, president of the S. P. C. A. of San Francisco, Cal.; Colonel E. Hofer, president of the Oregon Humane Society of Portland; Matthew McCurrie, secretary of the San Francisco S. P. C. A.; Dr. John E. Bowes, president of the Minnesota S. P. C. A., at St. Paul; Walter H. Osborne, secretary of the Oakland S. P. C. A., and others. Mr. and Mrs. William Finley, the well-known naturalists, will give an entire evening and enlighten the delegates with stories of wild life.

The Oregon Humane Society has planned a great many sight-seeing trips around Portland so that the delegates may have an opportunity of seeing Southeastern Oregon at its best.

The majority of the Eastern delegates will go by special train from Chicago over the Canadian Pacific, sight-seeing at Banff and Lake Louise. The return trip is left to the individual wishes of the delegates.

The Western Coast will be largely represented, for the anti-cruelty societies in the western portion of the United States regard this convention as a great opportunity of meeting those who are doing a kindred work.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

THE VALUABLE CHINCHILLA

J. E. GARGAN

THE chinchilla, a little rodent of the Andes Mountains in South America, has the finest and most valuable fur of all animals. It has been hunted for this fur until it has become practically extinct, though once there were great numbers of the diminutive creatures.

The chinchilla is a hopping rodent less than a foot in length, and with a long tail that curls upward like a squirrel's. Its head, eyes and ears resemble a wild rabbit's. It has no claws, but wee nails like those of human beings. It is as intelligent as the gray squirrel and barks like that animal.

There are several species of the chinchilla, but the "lanigera" grows the finest fur. The fur is thick and soft, a slate blue in color for half its length, and then merging into a pearly gray with each hair mottled with black at the end. On the sides and underneath, the fur is creamy white. The hair is so fine that the microscope shows each one has a diameter of only one eight-thousandth of an inch.

The little animal lives at very high altitudes in the intense cold of the Andes. It is a burrowing creature and hides during the day, coming out at night to feed and play. It subsists on a certain kind of "deer grass" and the roots of a small native shrub. The South American Indians believe that it never drinks water—but it does drink as sparingly as a cat. The parents take the best care of their little ones, never leaving them alone in the nest.

The extermination of the chinchilla is partly due to foxes that devour them, and to trappers that used large wire traps, catching them in great numbers when, in past times, the animals were numerous.

The only time these animals have been exported into the United States was when Mr. Chapman of Los Angeles, California, brought some in two years ago. He had almost insuperable difficulties to overcome in acclimating the animals to a lower altitude and a warmer climate. This could be done only by degrees, and from an altitude of 19,000 feet, he carried them to one of 11,000 feet and kept them there two years. Then he moved them to 9,000 feet for one year, and then, farther down, made a long stay, finally carrying them to sea level. During the voyage of 8,000 miles (from Chile to Los Angeles) the animals were kept on deck in a specially constructed cage, having compartments. In the center of the cage was an ice chest holding 100 pounds of ice, and around the cage were canvas curtains that were kept wet so that evaporation would help cool the air. During the long trip of forty days, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman took turns in looking after the animals, finally landing them without the loss of a single one.

The chinchilla makes a pretty pet, and is affectionate and cleanly. They like to run about and over the people they know but do not want to be handled. In their new home they eat field corn, alfalfa hay, carrots, etc., and are especially fond of nuts.

THE centipede was happy quite
Until the toad for fun
Said, "Which leg follows after which?"
This stirred him up to such a pitch,
He lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run.

The Steel Trap

GEORGE B. FOSTER

A LITTLE while ago a cat, in great distress, came to the home of one of my friends. It had been caught in a steel trap and in its struggle to get free it had pulled off a part of one foot. My friends took the cat in, fed it, and took care of it until the wounded foot was healed. This is just one of many millions of somewhat similar cases that occur every year, not to cats and dogs in many cases, but to wild animals of some kind; the only difference being that in this case the cat found friends to care for its suffering and feed it, but in the case of wild animals that are caught, they must suffer and die alone amid the cold and ice and snow. The case is like this. Here is a little innocent, harmless, wild animal that starts out in the morning in search of its daily food. It steps in a steel trap and is held a prisoner. It is far away in the woods and there is no one near to release it, or to feed it, or to mercifully put it to death. In its struggle to get free the bones of the leg are broken and the poor suffering creature is held there a prisoner for hours, perhaps for days and nights, amid the ice and snow in a zero temperature, for most of the trapping is done in winter. Any one of three or four things may happen to it. If it is very cold it may freeze to death; if it was short of food when it got caught, it may starve to death; in order to get free it may gnaw off its legs; or it may live until the trapper comes and mercifully or unmercifully, from whichever point of view you look at it, puts it to death and ends its sufferings.

If some one should set a steel trap on Boston Common and catch one of the gray squirrels that are numerous there and let it stay in the trap a suffering prisoner for hours or for days and nights, there would be an uproar about it and the man might be arrested for cruelty to animals. Now just that sort of thing is going on in many millions of cases off in the woods where no one sees it and no one thinks much about it. All animal life must die some time and it is no worse to kill an animal for its fur than it is to kill it for food. But if the animals that are killed for food were caught in steel traps and held suffering prisoners for hours or for days and nights, that sort of thing would be stopped and it is going to be stopped in the case of the animals that are trapped for their fur. Furs are not a necessary part of a person's apparel, and no one ever froze to death from lack of a fur coat, if he had plenty of other clothing. It is simply a fashion and if one person can get along comfortably without furs, others can do the same. And especially is this true in regard to fur trimmings and summer furs, the most foolish of all fashions. A few years ago the plumage of birds and in some cases whole birds were seen on about nine-tenths of the hats worn by ladies. Then people commenced to talk about the cruelty and the economic waste of the fashion and a public opinion was created and afterwards laws were enacted and now no more do we see birds' plumage or whole birds on ladies' hats. The women are just as well off and the birds are a great deal better off on account of that law, which stopped the killing of birds for their plumage. Now at the present time there is an ever-increasing fashion to wear furs and about nine-tenths of the women and young girls whom we see on

the street and many of the men are wearing furs in some form.

Well, if the practice of killing birds for their plumage was cruel, the practice of trapping wild animals for their fur is infinitely more cruel, for in the case of the birds they were shot, but in the case of the animals, they are held suffering prisoners in steel traps for hours or for whole days and nights.

Firearms mercifully kill, but steel traps unmercifully torture. Of all the inventions of man, the steel trap has probably caused more animal suffering than any other one invention, and perhaps more than all of them put together.

A few days ago I saw a young girl wearing a fur coat which I should estimate contained at least two hundred skins of animals. Who can estimate the animal suffering that went into that one coat! And when you multiply that coat by the millions of others that are being worn you begin to get a little idea of the total amount of suffering caused by the steel trap. We must first create a public opinion against this great evil of torturing animals to death and then get legislation about the cruelty, for of course legislation is the only thing that will stop it. We celebrated "Be Kind to Animals Week." Let us extend it to fifty-two weeks in the year and include the wild animals as well as the domestic animals and put a stop to this needless cruelty and suffering for the many millions of wild animals who are caught in steel traps every year. Furs are merely a fashion and not a necessity for life or even for comfort. So will any one who reads this article help in the matter by creating an atmosphere against the trapping of wild animals for their fur or for any other purpose.

May the time soon come when a fur coat on the back of a man or a woman will be as rare a sight as the sight of a bird's plumage is now on a lady's hat.

CRUELTY UNSEEN

'TIS midnight in the forest cold and bleak,
The north wind drives the snow, the icy reeds
Bend o'er a cruel trap where faint and weak
A timid furry creature slowly bleeds.
Faintly above the wind she seems to hear
Her little babies crying for her care;
She writhes in agony, and moans in fear.
For two long nights she has been dying there.
'Tis midnight in the city. Cold and keen
The north wind blows the sparkling snow about.
Before the opera house a limousine
Stops to receive a lady coming out.
Her rich, warm cloak she draws about her, so;
The soft fur rests against her glowing cheek.
This is the fur that just a year ago
Clad that poor forest creature, stiff and weak.
Could she but see that forest far away,
Could she but hear the suffering creature's cry,
The lady's laughter would not be so gay,
Her lips would breathe a sympathetic sigh.
She, who can move the very hearts of men,
Would storm great Congress at its mighty door,
Till legislation she would gain, and then
The cruel, hated trap would be no more.

F. URSULA PAYNE

Blessed are the merciful

THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR

HERBERT BEARDSLEY

ONE of America's largest and most splendid kings of the air is the California condor. Seldom seen by the majority of persons, the realistic photograph here shown, of a nesting scene of this wonderful creature among the lofty and rugged mountains of southern California, may be of unusual interest. The future existence of this remarkable



CALIFORNIA CONDOR

bird for a time has been thought to hang on a very slender thread, owing to its alarmingly small range which is now restricted to seven counties in southern California. The state law now provides complete protection for the condor, with a heavy fine against molesting the bird and its egg.

The species is still fairly common for a large bird, probably equal in numbers to the golden eagle in those regions that are suited to it, such as cattle-raising, mountainous territory.

The mountainous areas where the condor is making its last stand seem likely to remain adapted to the bird's existence so that the condor has a fair chance to survive, in limited numbers, for many years.

Although strictly carnivorous in diet, the condor is unable to kill prey for itself; its toes and claws lack the strong muscles that give to eagles such formidable means of attack. Thus they live ever in sight of abundant food and yet unable to satisfy themselves except by the accidental death of some creature.

One of the noteworthy characteristics of the condor is its wonderful eyesight, which probably represents the highest development of the power of vision of any living creature. It has been proven conclusively that they find their food by the sense of sight alone, and that they apparently lack the sense of smell. As will be seen from the accompanying photograph, the male condor is distinguished by a large, fleshy comb, or caruncle, which adorns the head. The bare head and neck are wrinkled and of a dull reddish color, while the glossy black plumage of the body is surmounted by a fluffy collar of softest, whitest down. The body plumage is entirely black, while the exposed portions of the wing feathers are white, making a striking and spectacular pattern when the bird, soaring, extends its wide ten-foot wings to the morning sun.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and seventy-one new Bands of Mercy were reported in June. Of these, 189 were in schools of Rhode Island; 68 in schools of Massachusetts; 31 in schools of Canada; 23 in schools of South Carolina; 12 each in schools of Virginia, Texas, and Georgia; ten in schools of Pennsylvania; eight in schools of Tennessee; two in schools of Syria; two in New York; and one each in California and Washington.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 156,906

ACTIVE BAND IN VENICE, CAL.

THE organization formerly known as the Junior Audubon Club, Venice, California, has changed its name to Junior S. P. C. A. Though started only last fall, its membership now consists of 200 boys and girls. Their chief immediate aim is to secure drinking fountains for animals. Regular meetings are held under the general supervision of Mrs. Antonina Caproni, 2413 Walnut Avenue, Venice, who seeks the interest of other adults to assist in carrying on humane education in this section of Los Angeles.

GOLDFISH

GREGORY JAY VAUGHAN

TELL me now, yon shimmering creature,
Glinting round your glass-bound nook,
Feeding from the irksome package,
Are you longing for a brook?

While you're splashing, flashing yonder,
Wondering how to steal away,
Do you dream of bickering brooklets
Winding through the sunny day?

Don't you yearn to burst asunder
All that cruelly holds immure,
And leap and dive and aimless wander
Through the sparkling water's lure?



MOTHER AND LAMBKIN

A PRECIOUS DONKEY

ELLEN LUCY BROWN in *The Animals' Friend*

HIKE! Umpteen! Tit-bits! All right!" This is not what the man really says, but it sounds like it. What he sells is—chopped firewood, and very good value he gives. A tall man, powerfully built, rugged and weather-worn, his voice would have been a treasure to a sea-captain in days before the megaphone. It can be heard literally *streets* away, and though some say he "drinks," yet that powerful voice with its tremor-less, unhusky clearness seems to belie the theory. He is about seventy years of age. He wears an old army coat bought at a dealer's; his handsome, storm-beaten face is shaded by a rakish *sombrero*.

Most days he has a companion to pull the barrow—a partner, not an assistant. A partner on all fours, a donkey who has won medals, a donkey on whose back children ride when a local church gives its annual fête in the grounds of a convent—a donkey who stands high in local society—and knows it!

The man's eyes glow with pride and his face lights up enthusiastically as you speak of his partner.

"Yes," he says, "'e 'ad a good rest in the stable all day yesterday."

"Wasn't he well?" you ask, with kindly concern, as "yesterday" was a working day.

"Oh, 'e was well enough, but the rain poured so all day that I wouldn't let 'im come out."

"Then you lost a day's business?"

"Lorst nothin', bless you, ma! I took the barrer round by myself—I don't mind the wet, but 'e"—apologetically, and jerking his thumb towards his "partner"—"'e don't like it!"

Whether we make a purchase or not, that donkey refuses to pass our door till he has had his sugar. The man, with a fine delicacy, refrains from calling today if we bought wood yesterday. The "donk" has no such scruples, and *does* call. He simply pulls up and stands before the closed door, and you may hear the man urging him—"Ere, git up!" But no, there he stands till his tit-bits appear. And those tit-bits! Most of "his" customers seem to save up things for his nose-bag. Carrots, of course, rock-cakes, jam-tarts (with puff-paste), and one day a pudding (a jam-pudding at that, his master said—one which had met with some misadventure in boiling)—all grist to his mill!

His owner keeps him in splendid health with doses of this and that, when necessary, and nice little bags of fresh grass. He knows, too, the exact time when his thick gray coat ought to be clipped. When new shoes are bought (two pairs for four feet, please) attention is drawn to them with the pride of a hard-working mother showing little Johnnie's new footwear.

The gray partner's name is "Diver"—of all things. We ask "Why?" "I dunno," says the man, as if the strangeness of the name had never struck him. "I always call 'im Diver—the one I 'ad before 'im was Diver, and so I called this 'un the same." Any person or thing more unlikely to dive with any hope of coming up again you can't imagine, as his flesh stands out on both sides and all round.

Not only eatables do we save for him, but even "millinery" in the shape of floral decorations that have served their first purpose—"Alexandra" roses and "Flanders" poppies,



"DIVER"

etc., and these he wears in his ears and the center of his head-band with a distinctly self-conscious air of being well dressed.

He is cultured, too, in his home life. One day we gave the man a specially nice picture cut from a large-paged magazine, printed on excellent paper. It was called "An Unexpected Visitor," and showed an old shepherd having breakfast in his lonely cottage. It was snowing heavily; the door was thrust open, and a donkey shoved his nose into the room, asking if he might be a guest at the frugal meal, and was welcomed with a cheery smile. "Diver's" master (partner, I beg his pardon) received the picture with the greatest pleasure, and told us the next week, "I 'ung up that picture you give me in 'is stable, and 'e seemed to like it." How many animals have pictures in their stables? He is a veritable "Sir Ass"—an aristocrat amongst working donkeys.

PETS IN THE HOME

KINDNESS to animals, and a genuine regard for them are learned best by those who have pets in the home," writes Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Sr., in "Radiant Motherhood." "A child who abuses or maltreats a kitten or a puppy does so quite as often from thoughtlessness as from innate cruelty. The baby arms that almost strangle the little long-suffering cat should not be allowed to misuse a pet in such fashion. A home in which there are no animate objects for children's love in the guise of the four-footed friends who are faithful and companionable if well treated, is only *half a home*. I have heard mothers say that they have enough to do without being bothered with dogs and cats and birds. Possibly. But the home need not be turned into a menagerie. Children should certainly be allowed to have under their care dumb animals which they will love and mothers should sacrifice their own tastes to let them have this opportunity. A boy who has never had a dog of his own is almost as forlorn as a dog who has no master. A house in which there are only inanimate objects, pictures, chairs, and tables, is a dull house."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE CURFEW BIRD

BARBARA L. CLARK

THE curfew bird at nine o'clock
 (He's prompt to show his skill)
 Warns every child to be in bed
 With threats of "Whip-poor-Will."
 He goes from house to house and calls
 And calls and calls until
 Each child is fast asleep,
 Then stops his "Whip-poor-Will."

Again each morn at five o'clock,
 When all the world is still,
 He wakes each person with his call
 In notes of "Whip-poor-Will."
 The fishermen and lumbermen
 Obey his call so shrill,
 But other folks prefer he would
 Postpone his "Whip-poor-Will."

"DON"

BERTHA V. EHLERS

DON," a pure-bred collie dog, was brought to the home of M. W. Ellington at Meadow, Texas, to be a protection from the wolves which preyed on the poultry. He also proved again that an intelligent, affectionate dog is a splendid companion and protector of children.

Don came to the home when Evelyn was twenty months old. She was just beginning to toddle out to the road and to run away, when her mother wasn't looking.

"I don't know what to do about it," the mother told Grandma.

"Why don't you tell Don to guard her, daughter?"

"Don wouldn't understand," was the mother's reply.

"Oh, yes, he would."

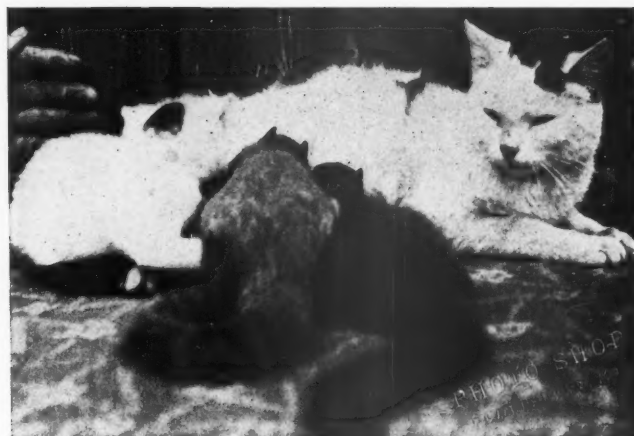
Then Grandma said, "Don, lie down by Evelyn. Don't let her go off."

Presently from the vine-screened porch, the ladies saw Evelyn start through the gate, thinking herself unobserved.



Don would keep pushing against her (as you see him doing in the picture), thus warding her off from the direction of the gate. He even threw her gently on the soft sod two or three times, always toward home. Whenever she would start toward the house, he would not bother her. At last she definitely started back to the porch, and Don followed, happily.

During the days that followed, the dog kept this up till the little child no longer attempted to run away. And until his accidental death by an automobile, Don was trusted with the care of Evelyn, who otherwise could not have been left out of doors because of the number of rattlesnakes on this ranch in western Texas.



ORPHANS FIND FOSTER-MOTHER

MRS. M. V. HENDERSON

ON Easter morning, Frank Reames of Holt, Missouri, was an unhappy boy. The mother squirrel in the big tree in his front yard had been killed by some wanton hunter who had broken the law by killing squirrels out of season. The nest of young squirrels, with eyes not yet opened to the world, were left motherless.

His grief was changed to joy when he had placed the baby squirrels with the old mother cat and she adopted them along with her own white kitten, feeding them at the same dinner table. The squirrels grew on the milk diet faster than did their foster-brother, and in June, when the game law on squirrels expired and they might be legally killed for food, you may rest assured Frank guarded his pets against trespassing hunters.

MILKING-TIME

MRS. T. W. BROWN

UP from the pasture, sweet and cool,
 Fares Mistress Buttercup at eve,
 And Hans with pail and milking-stool
 Is there her bounty to receive,
 And calling through the barnyard gate
 With eagerness beyond account,
 She sees her hungry baby wait
 To take his turn at life's sweet fount,
 While trooping from the farm-house door
 The little folks with cups to fill
 From out the bucket's brimming store
 Drink the warm draft with glad good-will.

O Earth is full of joy and love
 Of common things that rise sublime
 Toward the stars that shine above
 The lowly tasks of milking time;
 And they who have not eyes to see
 Have missed the touch serenely kind
 That wrought the clay of Galilee
 Into the healing of the blind.

DICKEY'S RELEASE

A True Story

MARGIE L. WHETSTONE

IN our egotism and ignorance we humans often speak of our animal friends as dumb animals. But if we keep our eyes open and really observe, we will find them showing greater intelligence than man at times. Luther Burbank has even gone so far as to say that plants have minds and has fortified his assertion with a long chain of facts.

A little incident that happened when I was a child in the South convinced me that birds at least possess rare intelligence and sympathy.

We had lived several years in the heart of Memphis when my father's business made it necessary for us to move into the swamps of Mississippi. Among the many novel features of our new life nothing was more appealing than the beautiful songs of the mocking-birds. After the manner of city dwellers my mother talked rapturously to the people of the music of these birds.

One day, one of my father's trusted employees came to the door bearing a cage, and in it a mocking-bird songster, as a gift to my mother. We children were enthralled and spent much of our play time standing beside the cage watching the bird. It was so unhappy! The poor creature spent most of its time flying against the iron bars trying in vain to find an opening to freedom once more. After many fruitless attempts it would stand huddled in one corner, its wings drooping. We tried our best to coax it into song with delectable food, fresh water and sunshine.

One morning early we heard an ecstatic sound; our dickey-bird was singing. We tiptoed noiselessly out on to the porch in order not to interrupt the song. Such volume, such feeling, such magnificence we never had heard from a bird! It ceased as suddenly as it had started.

A few moments later another mocking-bird flew from a white oak-tree that grew near the porch and perched itself on the top of the cage.

"Even the wild birds think our Dickey is a wonderful singer," I boasted. The sound of my voice frightened the strange bird and he flew back again to the leafy security of the oak-tree.

Twice during the morning while we were at school my mother glanced out at Dickey. Each time the strange bird was hovering near. Mother's heart ached strangely. Could it be Dickey's mate? she wondered uneasily.

"I will frighten it away," she concluded, "it will only make Dickey more unhappy to see his mate and know he is not free."

Mother shooed vigorously and the strange bird flew away, this time toward the dense swamps in the far distance.

Busy with her household duties, mother forgot Dickey until we children came home from school at noon. As we ran up the walk to the house our attention was attracted immediately to Dickey's cage. The wild bird of the morning was standing on the end of the perch that protruded out through the cage. In its mouth it held a bit of grass or weed. After much effort it succeeded in forcing the grass through the side of the cage. Breathless with haste and wonderment, we ran in the house to tell our mother.

"Mother," cried my brother, "Dickey's friends don't think we feed him well and a strange bird is bringing him something green."

He had hardly finished speaking when Dickey's ecstatic song of the morning filled the air once more.

Simultaneously the dinner gong sounded, and the healthy childish hunger for food arrested our attention from the bird. Our appetites finally appeased, we rose from the table and hurried back to school, forgetting to look at the cage.

When mother came in the course of an hour to give Dickey fresh water and more food, she stopped horror-stricken. Dickey lay lifeless on the floor of the cage, a wisp of green protruding from his bill. Mother pulled the weed out of the bird's mouth and rushed out to the kitchen to show it to our negro cook.

"Rank pizen, Mis' Graves," shrieked Ramey with all the feeling of his race.

"Dat bird's mate done 'cided dat death would be better dan a life behin' dem bars, and she brung dis pizen weed to end her loved one's sufferin'."

PUSS GOES A-FISHING

HENRY CHARLES SUTER

THAT puss relishes a diet of fish is generally known. Unless it be catnip, there is nothing else on the earth or in the waters under the earth for which cats have such a violent fondness. Many a domestic tragedy has centered about a bowl of goldfish and a hungry feline. However, cats have also the reputation of showing a marked antipathy to getting wet. We are well aware that active fishing operations on our part when we lack the advantage of lines, nets, or other gear, usually involve getting wet. Then to what extent can a cat overcome its natural aversion to the water? There are numerous instances recorded that are surprising, where cats not only wade into the water after finny prey, but actually swim and dive. A large proportion of the stories cited relate to miller's cats.

These cats, domiciled at mills to keep down the plague of mice and rats, catch water-rats as well as house rats and soon develop a habit of going into the water after their prey. Thus they soon find fish, their best-liked food, and probably the cat trying to catch a water-rat makes a misplay and lands a fish, as we might in mistake land a tin can. This may be the beginning on the part of the cat of deliberate fishing.

Of one cat it is recorded that she was an excellent swimmer and fisher, as fond of water as a spaniel dog, and when she went fishing, did not confine herself to any one portion of the stream. Whether deep or shallow, it was all the same to pussy. The boys of the neighborhood were not long in finding out that by whatever part of the rivulet they saw the miller's cat fishing, there they would find trout in greatest abundance.

More remarkable is the fact, however, that cats are recorded as acquiring the habit not only of catching fish, but of bringing them home to their masters. I heard of a cat which caught fish with great assiduity and frequently brought them home alive, but besides minnows and eels, she occasionally carried home pilchards, one of which, about six inches long, was once found in her possession.

Then there was another cat, living in the close vicinity of the seaside, which was an expert catcher of the finny tribe, being in the constant habit of diving into the sea and bringing up fish alive in her mouth, and depositing them in the guard-room for the use of the sailors.

It is supposed that her pursuit of the water-rats first taught her to venture into the water, for it was well known that puss had a strong aversion at one time to water. She, however, became as fond of the water as a Newfoundland dog, taking her regular peregrinations along the rocks at the edge of the sea, looking for her game, and ready to dive for it at a moment's notice.

THE RESTLESSNESS OF EELS

L. E. EUBANKS

IN order to prevent eels from departing in shoals from the coasts of Denmark and emigrating in deep water, the government has arranged for the erection of a submarine cable between the mainland and an adjacent island, along which there will be fifty electric lights. Each night the lamps will burn and the luminous barrier is expected to keep the eels, who travel only at night, from making the journey. Exportation of eelskins is an important industry in Denmark.

Eels simply refuse to "stay put." An eel in a tank at the London Zoological Gardens became dissatisfied, escaped, and took up his quarters in another one of the tanks some distance away. The keepers replaced him, but again the eel got out. Two or three times he did this, passing intervening tanks and always getting into the same one. He showed so plainly and persistently that he knew what he wanted that he was finally given his way.

His method of escape was very interesting. Unable to squirm up head first, he turned round and threw his tail over the edge of the tank. Once he had a secure hold, he swung his body up and over. The "slippery eel" is not only slippery and elusive, but clever.

Eels can live for surprisingly long periods out of water, and often go overland from stream to stream. One writer reports having seen a large number of eels leave the water together and leisurely eat insects on the shore. A pea-patch is said to be a regular garden of Eden for eels, though they doubtless like the moisture and slugs found with peas better than they do the vegetable itself.

Eels spawn only in salt water, and never at a depth less than 1,000 metres. But the eggs hatch at or near the ocean's surface, carried there by their natural buoyancy. Thus the eel's extensive travels begin even before he sees the light of day. Eels go around the world, penetrating to almost every little muddy pond in the interior of the country.

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